

Circle Jerk
by
Brett Paufler

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Outline

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This story is dead. I thought about it (off and on) in preview (before writing anything) for about a month or two... and then I let it sit for two more months after writing two (or was it three) aborted first chapters.

All in all, I think the most compelling aspect of the story was the first scene: a guy and a girl getting it on in the back seat of a car... her not knowing what to do, holding her hands in front of her in a sort of uncomfortable way, as in, what do I do with these, while her brother watches on. Eh, this scene is pretty well developed, so read it a time or two if you like.

From there, we probably would shift back in time to their first meeting. The boy, Tommy, the human boy, getting to know his neighbors. Mary, the girl, the elf girl, being a bit startled by her first meeting of an elf. But, you know, it was bound to happen, the elves having moved into the suburbs and all. And Blaine, the boy, the half this, the half that, man child, who picks a fight with Tommy for no reason. 'What do you think you're doing, scaring my sister like that.' Only Tommy fights back, and his step father, Blaine's that is, has to intervene (else Blaine might have lost, and we cannot have that) by firing an arrow (what other weapon might an elf use) between the two.

They are just scenes: might as well be outtakes from a fast pitch

movie montage.

The step father is Mary's real father, but he adopted Blaine on account of the... curse. Well, not really curse. It's more like a book, say the book you are reading. But no, that does not do. And in fact, when something does not do, it helps to have a hundred thousand words to hide that fact.

The book is circular, you see... or if written, and written well, it would be circular. Tommy getting it on with Mary. Mary getting pregnant. Blaine getting blamed. The step father keen on the next seed in the cycle. But see, only a few sentences in and I veer off into implication. Mary gets pregnant. She dies. Blaine is blamed. But Tommy is to blame. And when confronted by Blaine, Tommy kills the bastard... for is that not what a fatherless orphan is called?

Now most fathers (to Mary) or stepfathers (to Blaine) might be a bit upset at their children's murderer. But long ago the stepfather (I don't think we need to give him a name) sold his soul to become (or at least, decided to heedlessly help and pursue) the life of a circularly regenerative being. I am not being clear, so we will have to come back to this.

The pertinent point fact being that the step father helps Tommy go to Elvin University (whatever that might mean). But you know, the step father dies mysteriously after Tommy gains admittance.

No.

Sorry.

Forgot. What happens is late at night, maybe the night before they were to leave, there is a confrontation of sorts. For you see, there is a book, this book, sitting on the table, the elf's desk, and Tommy takes it, goes to take it, and the old elf will not let him, talks about how much he has done, how he deserves to be next in the cycle (even if being next in the cycle is not that great of a deal) and the two quarrel, they fight, and before long, the elf with no name is taking a soul-sucking sword to his throat and ending his own life,

because, you see, Tommy is magical... or if not he, the book, the curse is magical.

Blaine was magical... in a way. He was an elf half breed. And here is where things get difficult (in the writing). See, Blaine is quite the specimen, quite the man, quite the elf, only he's not either, more like an orc or a half orc, but what does any of that mean. I really could not tell you... nor pre-story does my mind wish to know. So, the details would not be there. The story would be loose, which is OK... and it is not.

Anyhow, to give you an idea about the type of person (half-breed, inhuman monster) Blaine is, I will just say, that when the two (Tommy and Blaine) go to the forest to play (this would be a good six years prior to the opening scene in the back of the car), they come across a pond where Tommy skips a stone... and Blaine throws a stone, hitting Tommy's stone. So, it's sort of like hitting an arrow in mid-flight with another arrow. I mean, the one kid is good, but the other is obviously better. To bad the book chose the former and not the later.

But this is not true.

And nor is the killing over.

Off in the Elfin Realms (whatever in the world that might mean and not knowing what that mean is a major reason this story is not getting written), Tommy becomes quite the hit, is befriended by some elder clan, and makes the whoopee with one of its younger female members, before folks finally say enough is enough with this Tommy character. He's a bad seed. And very quickly thereafter, he is killed in a duel.

Of course, that leaves the girl, who dies in childbirth. And the child, who is scooped up by some distant uncle, who scurries off to the human lands, to raise him as his own.

And there, we have the story, full circle.

Only it is not, for the fates are not connected. And for that, we

need the magical book, in whose pages these things are connected. But as I haven't worked out the details, I really cannot relay much more than that.

But on top of the book (and perhaps even more important than the book), we have Drip. Drip is a nasty little drug (psychotropic, if you will) that is made from graveyard bones. Well, in truth it can be made from fresh meat (or even a drop of blood, a fact which Tommy uses to great effect in sealing Blaine's fate), but the better drip comes from old-old graveyard bones... and the traces of souls they once contained... and to some extent, still do.

Tommy and Blaine are users of Drip. It is part of their bond. I doubt Mary has ever used. But that is no matter. I am sure the first step father (not to be confused with the second step father) used the once, on that last night, and it was too much for him, must have found a bit of the stuff in his step son's effects.

Anyhow, the real connection (the soul connection) in the story comes from the Drip, the making, the acquiring, the introducing, the using: the smoking of other folks souls, as it were... and the smoking of one's own when the supply runs tight.

It is through both Drip and The Book (The Book being little more than a self-reference to the story... and a guide to making Drip) that the souls in the story are intertwined: Blaine to Tommy to a Child whose elf mother dies in childbirth, who bears such a striking similarity to Blaine.

That may not be clear enough, but I think it will have to do... enough to lay it all to rest, for me.

But before I go, I will say that there is some overlap between this project and A is for ASCII; and thus, the final version (of the aborted test versions) is an attempt (however feeble) to incorporate a Computerized AI, as the narrative voice.

Um, I probably don't have what it takes to pull of a Computerized AI as the narrative voice. And that, along with knowing very little about orcs and elves (and more importantly, having very little interest in learning about them at the moment) goes a long way towards explaining the true reasons this project failed: the things I wanted to add to the plot to make it interesting, were too much for me. I bit off more than I could chew. Or if that is not clear, it is hard to wrap a story around elves... if you really don't care about elves that much.

So, it is back to the drawing board, clean slate, this plot laid to rest. And the next project will likely be conceived as a short story, because even after a mere five pages of writing, I've sort of had it.

I probably should do short studies for a while... until something takes over and I cannot help myself.

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As odd as anything else (or really, just as an indication of how these things go), these four files (this summary and the three aborted attempts) sat on my desktop for over a year, as I overlooked them and worked on other projects. Sure, the editing process isn't as much fun as putting together the raw words. But a year is a long time... a very long time.

Though, as far as summaries go, I am happy with these few

pages. This is pretty much what I had going in. And if I had gotten over a few preliminary stumbles, I am sure I would have turned it all into a story. But then, as I imagine the story I would write now, it's a totally different story than I imagined then... meaning, the story may well have been defective in construction from the start... I not being (nor ever will I be) the appropriate narrator for this particular work.

Now, a slightly different work. Well, on that, only time will tell. Still, it's not on my agenda, not in the least.

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